



The Long Arm of Mercy

By DR. FRANK CRANE

The Red Cross is the Long Arm of Mercy.

It is the Kindness of Mankind—organized.

In Man is an Angel and a Devil, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The Red Cross is the Good, aroused, energized to thwart the Bad.

It is the best antidote we know to the bane of war.

There are other Charities, more or less helpful. The Red Cross is the mightiest of all Charities, the Love and Pity of all men made supremely efficient.

If, as Emerson said, "sensible men and conscientious men all over the world are of one religion," this is the expression of that religion.

The Red Cross is Humanity united in Service.

It asks no man's opinion; only his need.

Black or White, Friend or Foe, to the Red Cross there is no difference; it only asks: "Who is Suffering?" And to him it goes.

The Red Cross is so Efficient that Governments recognize it; so Pure in its purpose that whoever wishes well his fellow men, desires to help it; so Clean in its administration that the most suspicious can find no fault in it.

The Red Cross not only seeks to alleviate the cruelties of War; it is the expression of those human sentiments that some day will put an end to War.

It is the impulse of Love, striving to overcome the impulse of Hate.

It is Mercy's co-operation struggling against War's rivalries.

It is the one Society in which every Man, Woman and Child should be enrolled; for it knows no sects, no prejudices, no protesting opinion; the human being does not live that does not feel that the starving should be fed, the sick tended and the wounded healed.

Majestic and divine is this Long Arm of Mercy; it finds the fallen on the battlefield, it brings the nurse and the physician to the victim in the hospital; it leads the weeping orphan to a home; it feeds the starving, cares for the pest-stricken whom all others abandon, and pours the oil of Help and Pity into the bitter wounds of the World.

Where a volcano has wrought desolation in Japan, or a Flood in China, or a Hurricane in Cuba, or a Famine in India, or a Plague in Italy, or ravaging Armies in Poland, Serbia or Belgium, there flies the Red Cross, the Angel of God whom the fury of men cannot banish from the Earth; and to the Ends of the Earth, over all the ways of the Seven Seas, wherever is Human Misery, there is extended, to bless and to heal, its Long Arm of Mercy.

THE SCARLET CROSS

By

Margaret Widdemer
Of the Vigilantes.

What is it that you do today, who lift the Scarlet Cross?
For all the withered world is down in ruin and in loss.

And all the world hears clashing sword, and hears no sound less plain—
What can you do who lift the Cross, but heal to fight again?

We guard the women left alone, heartbroken for their dead,
We save the children wandering where all save Fear has fled.

We raise again the broken towns swept down by shot and shell,
We heal again the broken souls hopeless from learning Hell—

Oh, they who saw but Grief and Hate see now our red sign plain—
We save the sad world's soul alive that War had nearly slain!

Bombardments Cannot Drive This Woman Back

She Thinks Coffee for Soldiers
More Important Than Safety.

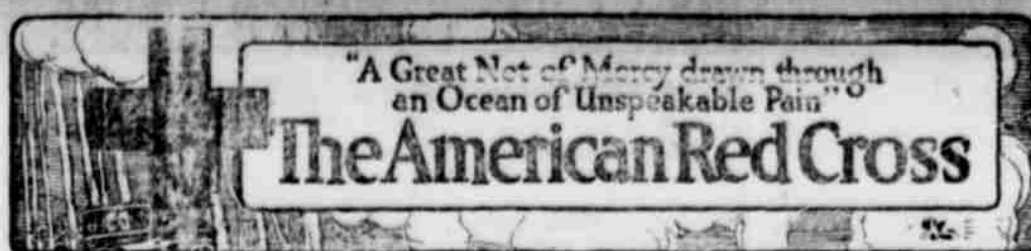
The following extracts are taken from a letter written by a Red Cross Canteen worker, Helen McElhone, an American woman and college graduate now located in a district almost constantly under bombardment:

"Foyer des Allies,
"Bar-le-Duc.

"Things look very black to me. I am discouraged at the big outlook of affairs and also at my small doings, but it may be the blackness that comes before dawn. Let us hope so. Our men certainly need help now as much as the poilus. I am beginning to see those who have been at the front. In fact, I am beginning to see some of the results of this life. They are sick and homesick, and worse things have happened to them. Several have said: 'All we ask is to get to the front and do what we have to do. Anything is better than this life.' This morning we had more Americans than I have seen before at one time. One came up to me here as I was

drawing coffee from a big marmite as fast as I could fill cups and, pointing to his pipe, said, 'Tobac, tobac.' I said, 'Do you want some tobacco?' He seemed stunned for a moment and then said: 'Do you know it nearly gave me a fit to hear you speak English. I haven't heard a woman speak English in five months.' He said he had been walking about in the cold since four o'clock last night. He couldn't find a hotel or a bright light because, of course, everything is closed and darkened on account of the bombardments. . . . The Americans are very fond of ham sandwiches. They eat much more than the French soldiers, and when they first came in and ordered six eggs apiece it caused consternation throughout the land. The funniest thing of all is to hear the Samnites grandly urging these wealthy English girls to 'keep the change—oh, keep the change!' . . . We start the day at five and work continuously until nine, when three fresh cantinieres relieve us. At five we go on for the evening shift from five to eight, and it is the most exciting and exhausting of the shifts. There is a certain time when they come down on us like a flood, eight or ten deep around the counter and three or four hundred altogether in this little room, as eager and tired as schoolboys."

The foregoing letter indicates that our soldiers look to the Red Cross Canteen as an oasis in a desert. They would not have it if it were not for your Red Cross.



The Call From No Man's Land



The Spending of Your Hundred Million Dollars

Busiest Budget in All the World Is a Red
Cross War Fund—Every Dollar Spent
Alleviates Misery.

By WILL PAYNE

Last summer the public subscribed a hundred million dollars to the Red Cross. At the latest statement over eighty-five millions of it had been appropriated.

Where has it gone? you ask. For many months the world has been spending over a hundred million dollars a day for the destruction of life, limb and means of subsistence. Call up what you have read about the war's devastation. The American Red Cross enormous job is to do whatever it can to alleviate that—not after the war, not after governments have deliberated and resolved; but right now, at the minute, on the spot. It's amazing that it has done so much with so little money.

Last autumn the Italian army fell back precipitately. On your war map that meant rubbing out one line and drawing another half an inch further south. Over there in Italy it meant thousands of poor families fleeing from their homes. Major Murphy, Red Cross Commissioner in Europe, rushed to the scene and wired: "Indescribably pathetic conditions exist, involving separation of mothers and children, cold, hunger, disease, death." In November and December the American Red Cross appropriated three million dollars for relief there—a large sum, yet small in comparison with the need.

Condensed Milk for Children.

Soldiers are only a part of the Red Cross work—probably the smaller part. Every instant, somewhere in the vast flood of destruction, a hand reaches up in appeal. It is pretty apt to be a child's hand or a woman's. When the Red Cross commission reached Petrograd it asked the government, "What is the most urgent

thing?" The government replied: "We must get condensed milk for the little children here." The commission got the milk. At one spot in France farm work was stopped by lack of horses. That meant more hunger. The Red Cross got in a big tractor and set it to plowing for the community.

There are a million needs. Cold, wet and the deadly physical strain of the trenches undermine men's constitutions. A frightful scourge of tuberculosis has developed in France. The Red Cross has built sanatoria, provided over a thousand beds and nurses.

Thirty Millions for France.

I have here a big sheaf of sheets filled with figures. One item is thirteen million and odd dollars—the amount which, up to that time, had gone to the local chapters of the Red Cross in the United States for local relief. Twenty-five per cent of the money subscribed through the chapters eventually goes that way.

Over thirty millions have been appropriated for work in France. Here is a million and a quarter—in round numbers—for military hospitals and dispensaries; over a million and a half for canteen service, where French and American soldiers, relieved from the trenches, can get good food, a cot, a bath, and have their clothes disinfected—and so go on for their brief holiday clean, rested, nourished. There are over three millions for hospital supply service; half a million for rest stations for American troops.

Aid of refugees—eleven thousand families—accounts for nearly three million dollars; care and prevention of tuberculosis takes over two millions; care of homeless children over a million; relief work in six devastated dis-

tricts, including care of five thousand families and sufficient reconstruction to make houses habitable, required over two millions.

Misery on an Unparalleled Scale.

These are all large items; but the Red Cross is grappling with human misery on an unparalleled scale—a world of it. The item for relief of the blind amounts to four hundred thousand dollars. The dispensary service sends supplies to more than thirty-four hundred hospitals. The Red Cross receives and distributes more than two hundred tons of supplies daily at Paris. For this distribution and its other work it requires a big transportation service of motors and trucks. This transportation service has cost a million and a half, and its operating expenses run to a million dollars.

Every dollar it spends means misery alleviated. Its work is building abroad for the United States the best good will in this world. It is building the best good will among ourselves. Whatever else the war may produce, we shall be proud of our Red Cross.

I want to say to you that no other organization since the world began has ever done such great constructive work with the efficiency, dispatch and understanding, often under adverse circumstances, that has been done by the American Red Cross in France.
—General Pershing.



Compare Your Baby's First Four Years With This

In 1913 little Marie was born in a village not far from Metz, in the Ardennes.

In 1914 Marie's father, called to the colors, fell at the Marne. And Marie and her mother stayed in the village, which was now in the Germans' hands.

In 1915 a poster was pasted up on the door of the village church, and that night Marie's mother vanished, along with a score or more of other women.

In 1916 Marie was still living in that village—existing through the charity of the few elderly folk the Germans permitted to stay.

In 1917 Marie, with all the children under fourteen years and all the old people left alive in the village, was bundled into a crowded car and shipped into Germany, round through Switzerland and thence into France, arriving at Evian. She was underfed, of course, emaciated, sickly, dirty, too lightly dressed for the time of year. And she came into Evian with not a relative, not a friend left in all France to take care of her.

Who took her? Your Red Cross!

Over there in Evian your Red Cross took charge of her, cared for her in the Red Cross Children's Hospital, clothed her, fed her, built up her strength, taught her to play—and then helped the French authorities find her a HOME.

Multiply Marie by 500 and you will have some idea of just one day's work your Red Cross does at Evian. It is only one of the Red Cross activities in France, to be sure—but for just that one alone can you help being proud of it? Can you help being glad you are a member of it, supporting its great work of humanity? Can you help wanting it to go on helping the Maries and the "grand-daddies" that come in at Evian?

THE TRAIN THAT SAVED A NATION

How the Red Cross Helped
Roumania.

Have you heard of what happened in Roumania when that stricken nation stood in rags and starving before the shocked eyes of the world? We had thought ourselves grown used to tragedies until this greater horror struck a blow that roused still untouched sympathies.

And yet we felt so helpless, you and I, so terribly weak in our ability to offer aid. But were we? After all, were we not the very ones who carried new life and hope to the heart of Roumania? You shall be your own judge.

Fighting with the desperation of despair, the shattered Roumanian army still struggled to beat off the Kaiser's bloody Huns, who were mercilessly trampling the life out of the little kingdom. And the Kaiser smiled brutally as he saw his wolves at work and knew that from behind the lines, attacking the fighting men of Roumania from the rear, entering the homes where mothers clung to the frail, distorted forms of their babies—was starvation.

No country around Roumania could help her—and America was too far away. Thousands would die before supplies held in our own country could be sent her.

Hope was gone. Death by hunger and by the dripping sword of the Kaiser was closing in. A brave little nation was being torn to pieces.

Then came the miracle. One morning the streets of Jassy, the war capital of Roumania, swelled with sounds of rejoicing. A city where the day before there was heard nothing but the wails of the starving and the lamentations of those mourning their dead now was awakened by shouts of joy.

You, my friend; you who have helped in the heroic work of the American Red Cross, had gone to the rescue of Roumania. A train of 31 big freight cars packed to their utmost capacity with food, clothing and medicine, tons upon tons of it, had arrived in Jassy after making a record breaking trip from the great store houses of the American Red Cross in Russia. Other trains followed it; thousands were fed and clothed and nursed back to health. For weeks and even to this day the brave people of Roumania are being cared for in countless numbers by our own Red Cross.

So was Roumania helped, and when history records how this last fragment of a sturdy nation was kept out of the hands of the terrible Huns it will give the victory to your American Red Cross.